

# Holmes County Republican.

J. CASKEY, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICE—Washington Street, Third Door South of Jackson.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance

VOL. 6.

MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1861.

NO. 8.

**DRS. BOLING & BIGHAM,**  
**PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS,**  
MILLERSBURG, O.  
Office in the room formerly occupied by Dr. Irvine  
March 28, 1861.

**DR. C. W. BUVINGER,**  
**Physician and Surgeon,**  
MIDDLETOWN, O.  
Professional calls promptly attended to.  
Sept. 12, 1861.

**DR. EBBRIGHT,**  
**PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,**  
MILLERSBURG, O.  
Office on Jackson Street, nearly opposite the  
Empire House.  
Residence on Clay Street, opposite the  
Presbyterian Church.

**J. P. ALBAN,**  
**DENTIST,**  
MILLERSBURG, O.  
Artificial teeth in-  
serted on Gold,  
Silver, Vulcanite &  
Porcelain base.  
Teeth Extracted,  
Cleaned or filled—  
Satisfaction war-  
ranted.  
Office a few doors west of Weston's Saloon.  
Nov. 29, 1860—71.

**BENJAMIN COHN,**  
**READY-MADE CLOTHING.**  
Of Every Description,  
COR. OF JACKSON & WASHINGTON STS.,  
MILLERSBURG, O.

**CASKEY & INGLES,**  
**BOOKS & STATIONERY,**  
Millersburg, Ohio.  
**PLAIN & FANCY**  
**JOBBING PRINTING**  
OF ALL KINDS, NEATLY EXECUTED  
AT THIS OFFICE.

**FOR SALE.**  
J. & C. VORWERK, at the Millersburg agency  
have **BUGGY AND BUFFALO WAGON,**  
January 31, 1861—2416

**TO THE PUBLIC.**  
A. J. WATTS, having purchased a Weyler and  
hand to wait on the public in his line in the way of  
agent.  
I am also agent for said Machine, and can recom-  
mend it as the best now in use, for all purposes.  
**CALL AND SEE IT OPERATE.**  
Above Mrs. Carey's Auction Room.  
Sept. 20, 1860—2416.

**HERZER & SPEIGLE,**  
**E. STEINBACHER & CO.,**  
**Produce & Commission**  
**MERCHANTS,**  
Dealers in  
Flour, Grain, Mill Stuffs, Salt Fish, White and Water Lime,  
**PURCHASERS OF**  
Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Seeds, Dried  
Fruits, Butter, Eggs, Wool, &c.  
MILLERSBURG, O.  
May 31, 1861—41

**BAKER & WHOLE,**  
**Forwarding and Commission**  
**MERCHANTS,**  
AND DEALERS IN  
**SALT FISH, PLASTER, WHITE**  
**AND WATER LIME.**  
**PURCHASERS OF**  
FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS  
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,  
BUTTER, EGGS, LARD, TALLOW and all kinds  
of Dried Fruits.  
WAREHOUSE, MILLERSBURG, O.  
Sept. 18, 1856—41

**NOTICE.**  
**The Union Line Express Company.**  
MR. BENJAMIN COHN having been appointed local  
agent of the Company in Millersburg, would call  
on the business public, that they are located up town, at  
the store of Mr. Cohn, where all matters pertaining to  
the transportation of Bank Notes, Gold, Silver, Jewels,  
Merchandise or Produce, will receive due attention and  
prompt dispatch.  
Our Express leaves the office daily in charge of our  
own messengers, on fast passenger trains to all accom-  
modated parts of the United States and Canada.  
Collections, with or without goods, will be made and  
the proceeds promptly returned.  
Special and satisfactory rates given to regular ship-  
pers of Butter, Eggs, Potatoes, &c. to foreign markets.  
WM. HERWITT, Sup't.  
Millersburg, Aug. 16, 1861.—1m5

**LOOK HERE FARMERS!**  
All persons in Holmes county are respectfully in-  
formed that if they wish to purchase  
**GOOD, HEALTHY FRUIT TREES,**  
raised in Ohio, the subscriber, agent for the Peninsula  
Nursery, will endeavor to call upon them in the course  
of a few weeks, to solicit their orders. A large variety  
of ornamental trees and shrubs, and fruit trees also  
for sale. At very reasonable prices. Please refer to  
Dr. H. Yergin, Druggist, Millersburg, O.  
EL. BALDWIN, Agent.  
Millersburg, July 24, 1861.

**NEW**  
**BOOT & SHOE SHOP!**  
One door west from J. Mulvaney's store, in the room  
formerly occupied as Post Office, where the undersigned  
is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, espe-  
cially  
**Fine City Sewed Work.**  
namely: a manner not to be excelled west of the Alle-  
ghanies. **WORK WARRANTED,** and done on rea-  
sonable terms.  
**REPAIRING** shoes resoled on short  
notice.  
I have on hand, as agent, a lot of home made  
and eastern Boots and Shoes which for ready pay I will  
sell at such low prices that you cannot fail to be satis-  
fied. My stock is large and my prices are low.  
J. H. HULL  
July 26, 1860—4m1

**OIL! OIL! OIL!**  
HAYING had considerable experience in the oil busi-  
ness, personally, we are prepared to make all the oil  
necessary for burning, and pumping oil, and our  
prices as well as satisfactory.  
**BINGLINS**  
are exclusively engaged in the power, or fuel used to  
obtain the power.  
**WE DEFY COMPETITION**  
either in style of Engines or price. We make engines  
from 2 to 300 horse power, for which motive power is re-  
quired. **CHAS. AN. BARNETT & CO.**  
Wheat, March 28, 1861—2416

**DON'T FORGET**  
When you come to Millersburg, to call at the  
Post Office and get one of our War Papers, from  
Frank Leslie, Harper's Weekly, or New York Illustrat-  
ed. The numbers for July contain illustrations of the  
fighting in Western Virginia, with an exciting and  
truthful account of the fight. Price 5 cents.

## The Adopted Child.

That was an anxious day for Mrs. Talbot on which she was expecting her brother, Reginald. Everything about the cottage was arranged as nearly as possible, and a very unusual occurrence—all her eight little children were looking as nice and clean as if they were each the only object of her care. But before she could put the finishing touch to her own toilet, the subdued murmur of childish voices informed her that the expected and almost dreaded personage had arrived; and hastening out, she was clasped to the breast of her only brother, for the first time for years.

Mrs. Talbot's story is one that has been so often told, and so much more often acted to real life, that it has become quite stale. A very pretty, gay girl, she married against her family's consent a man much beneath her in every respect. She was cast off by her father, and for many years dragged on a miserable life in poverty and distress. When her father died, Reginald, her only brother, settled upon her an annuity—just enough to keep her from want—for he did not wish Mr. Talbot should derive any benefit from his connection with him.

The gratitude Mrs. Talbot felt for Reginald's kindness was out of all proportion to the gift; for it saved her from so much anxiety and distress, that she felt as though nothing could ever repay the debt. And when Mr. Churchill wrote to her to ask her permission to adopt one of her children, she felt that she could not refuse the request, much as it distressed her to grant it. Her heart beat painfully as she dressed in which of her darlings she chose to follow. She hoped it would be one of the boys—Sam, the eldest, or Reginald, his namesake—or even little Charley or Mary—any one but her wild, reckless Edith, or the babe. Every one knows how a mother's heart clings to her babe; but middle-aged gentlemen seldom have the same fondness for them, and so Mr. Churchill hardly gave the chubby, starting little fellow a second look; but it was precisely the forward little Edith that won his whole heart in the first ten minutes, by her confidence, her playfulness, and her incessant chattering. She declared as soon as she was asked her readiness to go with him, and to be his own little girl always. Mrs. Talbot hinted in vain that one of the boys or older children would suit him better; but he did not like little boys he said, and Edith was just the right age; a child of four was no longer troublesome like an infant, but yet she was young enough to learn soon to look upon her uncle's house as her only home. Mr. Churchill was very positive in his choice, and as Mrs. Talbot had resolved to consent to his request, she had nothing to do but to get her little Edith ready to go as soon as possible, as Mr. Churchill was anxious to leave after dinner to avoid meeting Mr. Talbot, who was away for the day under pretense of a business engagement.

It was a long time before Edith could get used to her new home—a stately mansion at some little distance from New York. It seemed to her so lonely to have no one but her uncle to nurse her after being accustomed to the companionship of so many children; but she did get used to it and became exceedingly fond of Mr. Churchill, following him everywhere like his shadow. Mr. Churchill's wife was a selfish, disagreeable woman, who piqued herself not only on controlling her house but her husband too.

As Edith grew up, though lovely, blooming and high-spirited, she saw that these quarrels seriously annoyed her uncle, and so she tried to avoid her aunt as much as possible, and when she could not, to bear her rebukes without reply.

Thus matters went on, till Edith had reached her 21st year. She had been engaged, since she was eighteen, to Charles Devereux, a young man of good, though reduced family, and of fine talents—a person every way agreeable to her uncle, and to whom she was very much attached. They would have been married before, but her uncle would not bear to part with her, and had exacted a promise from her not to leave him before she was twenty-one. This she had readily given; but Devereux himself complained bitterly of the delay. Time, however, effects marvelous changes, and one of the most wonderful that he produces is the disappearance of affection that we flatter ourselves is unchangeable.

Just three months before Edith's wedding-day, Mr. Churchill died suddenly in a fit of apoplexy. Edith's grief was so violent and distressing that they feared for her reason; and her eldest brother was sent for by Mrs. Churchill, who informed him coldly that it was her desire that Edith should be taken home by him as soon after the funeral as possible, as her presence had been to her so very undesirable. Samuel could not imagine why Mrs. Churchill should take such a tone, as he had always understood that his uncle had intended to make Edith his heir; but his astonishment turned to indignation when he found there was no will but one made many years before, in which Mrs. Churchill was left all the property. He applied to Edith for an explanation, and as soon as she comprehended him, she said that her uncle had told her but a short time before his death that he had left her all his fortune, excepting that during her life Mrs. Churchill was to have the house, with an income sufficient to support her in the style to which she had been accustomed. However, this will was nowhere to be found.

And so Edith returned to her old home after seventeen years of absence, and so desolate. Her father was the only one that complained, or aggravated in any way her distress, and this he did often by sneering allusions to her "fair-weather love," as he called Devereux, then in any other way.

Edith had been at home for six weeks, and had not heard a word from him. She could not help thinking it rather strange that he did not lay aside his busi-

ness, however pressing it might be, and hasten to console her in her time of affliction. But he came at last; she caught a glimpse of him, as seated in a traveling carriage, he drove quickly past her father's house to the inn.

Restless and uneasy, she wandered from room to room, and at length took refuge in the little shrubbery in front of the cottage. Her mother came out two or three times to call her in, but the last time she saw Edith hastening to meet Devereux, who had just entered, and so she drew back without speaking. It seemed to Mrs. Talbot a very long time though, before the door of the little sitting room opened quietly, and Edith entered with a face as marble, but as calm and unmoved, she seemed to be so determined to resist all expression of feeling that she had entirely overcome them.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked her mother; "Where is Mr. Devereux?" Didn't you ask him to stay for tea?"  
"He has gone away, mother."  
"Gone away?" exclaimed Mrs. Talbot, "not to New York?"  
"Yes," said Edith calmly, "he has returned to New York. He is not coming here again—Don't say anything about him to me just now, dear mother, and let the others not to—I cannot bear it yet—I shall be better soon, I hope."

Edith's first struggle with her feelings when she found it was her wealth and not herself that Devereux had sought, was more overpowering to her than all her previous sorrows.

Three years passed away, during which Edith felt that she had derived more real advantages from her sorrows, accompanied as they were by great blessings, than from all the worldly advantages she had previously enjoyed. She had changed from a spoiled and petted child, to a generous and self-denying woman, and had become a great favorite in her own family, where her energy and activity made her very useful.

At the end of that time she married the clergyman of the parish—John Cavendish—a man every way worthy of her, and was not a little surprised to find that she was even happier in the little parsonage with her limited income and manifold duties, than she ever had been as the rich Mr. Churchill's heiress. But it cannot be denied that she sometimes longed for a little of her wealth that she had formerly lavished so foolishly.

She was talking to her husband about it one evening, when a letter came from Mrs. Churchill, requesting her to come to her as soon as possible. Edith expected at once that the will so long desired in vain, was found at last, and lost no time in obeying the summons. Mr. Cavendish could not accompany her, but was to follow her in a day or two; and she sent her child, now nearly two years old, to her mother, as she knew her aunt's temper too well to think that the presence of a noisy boy would be anything but a source of discomfort.

She was therefore alone, when after having saluted kindly the domestic who came forward to welcome her former pet and little mistress, she entered the large, elegant drawing-room where her aunt generally sat.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Churchill; "it has seemed to me as though every body must have suspected me, and I could bear it no longer. I did take it, Edith; here it is."

With these words, drawing the will from her pocket, she handed it to her astonished niece.

"After his sudden death, when they were looking in vain for this very will, I yielded to a sudden and powerful impulse, and said that I knew nothing about it. I had no sooner spoken the words than I would have given all I gained by them, and more too, to have recalled them; but I could not confess myself a thief, and neither could I bear the sight of you whom I had wronged. You know how harshly I sent you away, but you do not know how often I wished you to return. I found to my astonishment that I had really become attached to you, and that more than half my apparent dislike arose from my naturally perverse disposition and bad temper. My own relations, for whose sake I had committed so great a crime, disgusted me by their sympathy and deceit, and I longed for you, frank and honest as you were. Besides, a sense of my guilt preyed upon me, and I do not think I have had a moment's peace since you left. I could not bear it any longer, and so I sent for you. You may do as you please with the will, dear Edith, only I entreat you don't make my guilt public, at least while I live. I will give up this residence to you now, and all but a bare support—I shall feel better if I do so, I think. I can bear poverty, but not infamy."

But Edith would not bear of her aunt's doing that; she insisted on her retaining all the privileges given to her by the will, and always allowed it to be supposed, even by her husband, that her aunt had accidentally discovered the long lost document which her sense of justice would not permit her to suppress.

Edith often met Charles Devereux after she had removed to a place not far from her aunt's residence, and never did so without making a mental comparison between him and her husband, and thanking Providence for the troubles that had shown her the worthlessness of the one, and the value of the other. As for him, he married an heiress—his grand object in life—but whether he was happy or not, no one could tell.

**GEN. FREMONT'S PROCLAMATION IN ENGLAND AND EUROPE.**—Well-informed Englishmen, and Americans just returned from Europe, represent that Gen. Fremont's proclamation, being tangible, and going straight at a moral principle, will produce a prodigious influence in England, France and Germany, and will cut right to the sympathies of the people, through all the prejudices and misconceptions which the Morrill tariff has been used to envelop the facts of this rebellion with.

## The Force of the Rebels.

Among the many estimates of the forces which the Rebel leaders have now under arms and actually in the field, the most detailed and at the same time the most preposterous, is one which sets forth their grand total at 350,000 men, and gives to the separate States such quotas as 60,000 to Virginia, 20,000 to South Carolina, 24,000 to Alabama, 4,000 to Florida, 35,000 to Tennessee, and 21,000 respectively to Arkansas and Texas.

Let us look a little closely at some of these prodigious contingents. South Carolina, which is reported to have sent 20,000 to the field, has, by the census of 1859, a white population of 291,623. The State of New-York, by the same census, has 3,836,544 white inhabitants, and therefore it furnished troops in the same proportion as South Carolina would raise about 255,000. Does any man in his senses suppose that New-York, with all her wealth and commercial resources, could put such an army as that in the field? And if not how can South Carolina have raised and equipped the force credited to her?

The contingent of 60,000 men ascribed to Virginia is still more incredible, if we consider that at least one-third of her white population of 1,057,000 is loyal to the Union. And equally astounding is the quota of 4,000 men which the petty and remote State of Florida, with only 77,000 white inhabitants, is said to have sent to the war. But when we consider that, leaving out the loyal population of Western Virginia, the total white population of the Seceded States is only 3,000,000, the force of 350,000 men which they are said to have in the field assumes a proportion which is really stupendous. France, on the same scale, with her population of 38,000,000, wealthy and compact as it is, ought easily to raise an army of 2,500,000; England, with still greater ease, 2,000,000; and Germany, with her 45,000,000 of population, not less than 3,150,000 soldiers.

We have no desire to underrate the forces or the exertions of the Rebel States. Considering the weakness of their number and their comparative poverty, they have exhibited wonderful spirit and energy—but there are certain limits of military supply which no nation can exceed, and which the South will have reached long before it has sent 350,000 men to the battle-fields of Virginia and Missouri.

**The National Republican**, Washington, contradicting one of *The Herald's* bugaboo stories about the vast Rebel force in Virginia, says:

"That the total force of the enemy in Virginia does not exceed 100,000 men, is as certain as it can be made by anything short of an actual count.  
If the Administration would yield to the policy which the contractors seek to dictate by their continual panics, we should have our army here doubled, and then have it kept in idleness until doomsday. That is what the contractors want, and it is the real object of all the panics which they instigate through the press, keeping themselves carefully concealed all the while. But they will find their game blocked by the Administration, which is determined to bring the war to a speedy close."

## Darker Days Than These.

Instead of being cheered by the recollections that must come, let us look at the old Revolutionary times and see what dark days our fathers saw and suffered, and yet triumphed. We thank God for that they fought her and bled for her, and we will leave the blessing to our children.

The assailants of the rule entrenched on Bunker Hill in 1775 lost every fourth man. More British soldiers—a thousand—were killed in that fight than we lost at Bull Run. And that disaster was not, comparatively, as disastrous as the loss of the gallant army at Quebec in 1775. Nor does this last event compare with the defeat of Washington's army on Long Island the same year, and the capture of two of his highest officers and many hundreds of soldiers, supposed to have been killed, wounded and prisoners. "Two thousand men," says a large number, considering that not above 5,000 were engaged.

As for panic, recall that scene soon after the disaster just mentioned, when at Turkey Bay a large force of the militia fled in terrible panic when the enemy came in sight, and so disgraced us in that fight that we lost at Bull Run. And that disaster was not, comparatively, as disastrous as the loss of the gallant army at Quebec in 1775. Nor does this last event compare with the defeat of Washington's army on Long Island the same year, and the capture of two of his highest officers and many hundreds of soldiers, supposed to have been killed, wounded and prisoners. "Two thousand men," says a large number, considering that not above 5,000 were engaged.

Not long after, he lost 2,000 men at Fort Washington, and then took place that many yet terrible retreat across the Jerseys, which, on account of the route, was called by the old soldiers "the mud rounds." We have seen no time yet which is the thousandth part as discouraging. And it is worth remembering that the defeat of Washington's army on Long Island, his Turkey Bay, his loss of Fort Mifflin, Washington, 20,000 men and large amounts of ammunition—and its retreat through Jersey, ended with the victories of Trenton and Princeton.

We speak of our panic at Washington, Philadelphia and New York, on the 22d of July, but what was that compared with the agony of terror which the patriots felt in New York when in the fall of 1776 that city was given up to the British; or in Philadelphia when in the fall of 1777 it was evacuated by our Congress and our army?

At Chancellors Ford, too, our troops were driven better-splinter in such confusion that had Howe followed up his advantage he might have cut our army to pieces. Just after that our troops almost achieved a great victory at Germantown, and again it was turned into defeat and panic in the most unaccountable manner. It is worth noticing, too, that at Germantown a general officer was so drunk as to be cashiered for misconduct—a circumstance which made an opening for the youthful Lafayette. And Washington then had 1,000 men who were baggage-laden, so he says. Then came Valley Forge.

So all this led on to the good blessing which we now see, whose discipline converted our armies into such strength that we achieved the victory of Monmouth.

We speak of cabals and jealousies and treason; why, our fathers had a taste of all this in the One way which had nearly driven us into the British; or in Philadelphia when in the fall of 1777 it was evacuated by our Congress and our army?

## A Remarkable Discovery in the Alps.

There is news from Switzerland, says an English paper, which painfully recalls the memory of a terrible catastrophe which happened on the Grand Plateau of Mont Blanc, on the 20th of August, 1830. On that day a party, consisting of Dr. Hammel and some gentlemen from Geneva started up the mountain, accompanied by several guides. A descending avalanche swept off three of the latter, by name, Auguste Tairraz, Pierre Balmat, and Pierre Carrier, all three belonging to families inseparably connected with the history of the mountain. From that day up to the fifteenth of this month, not a trace of them was ever discovered; on that morning was discovered, on the lower part of the Glacier des Bossons, a number of human remains and fragments of dress accoutrements, etc., which have been recognized as having belonged to these hapless guides. The relics are stated to consist of:

1. An arm in the most perfect state of preservation, with the hand, fingers, nails skin and dried frozen flesh intact, in a way discolored; part of the little finger only gone. The length of this limb extended to the elbow.

2. Part of two different skulls, with a good deal of hair remaining with the skin on both; one belonging to a fair man, the other to a dark one. One of these fragments was recognized by Julian Devoussoux (a survivor of the 1820 ascent) as being that of Pierre Balmat.

3. Part of a guide's knapsack, with sundry portions of a lantern attached to it.

4. An iron crampon, which the guides at that time strapped on their shoes when they crossed the glaciers, etc., to prevent slipping.

5. Several portions of guides' dress, cravats, hats torn portions of linen, portions of cloth, etc., all easily distinguishable as belonging to men of the guide class.

Two of the men who accompanied the party are still alive, and it is said that Dr. Hammel still survives in England. The most interesting circumstance in connection with the recovery of the remains of these long ago mourned men is, that it is an exact fulfillment of Prof. James D. Forbes' prediction, based on his observations and knowledge of the laws which guide the motions of the glaciers. Prof. Forbes, it is stated, has repeatedly told the Chamounix guides that they might look out for traces of their deceased comrades in the lower Bossons, in about forty or forty five years after the catastrophe, and that he told Auguste Balmat in 1858 to keep a look out.

## Doesticks on "Shoddy."

Doesticks, who claims to be an Ellsworth Zouave, thus narrates the experience of his Regiment after receiving their uniforms from the Military Board:

The uniforms sent from New York were the trashiest things possible; they would not stand the pressure—they wouldn't stand any pressure. A gentle wind would blow a man's coat into rags in half a day; while if he ventured out doors in a stiff breeze, his red breeches would tear out into long red flags, and in ten seconds he would look like a walking flagstaff, with the signal set for "Never mind the Commodore old fellow, set sail in and fight on your own hook." No man has had a whole suit of clothes for two months. We've gone on guard dressed only in over coat and musket, and we've done scout duty in the easy and elegant attire of a revolver and one pair of shoes to three men. When we've wanted to dress extra fine for Sunday service, we'd polish our muskets and tie a red rag on each leg. The chaplain for decency's sake—when he preaches—stands in an empty pork barrel to hide his legs.

I called on Colonel yesterday, dressed only in a bayonet; and that considerate officer admired my airy costume much, but I'd better kill a few secesshers, and when I bagged one of my own size, I might help myself to his breeches. When our whole company lately applied to him for clothes, he said he hadn't got any for us, but he served out fifteen rounds of cartridges to each, and gave us leave of absence for two days, and told us to bury all the secesshers we killed so as not to lumber up the country. Most of the fellows got good suits of clothes, and Bob Brown was so uncommonly particular that he didn't suit himself till he had killed five fellows. With my usual luck, I couldn't find a fellow size—they were all too short or too long. When at last I did find a fellow five feet nine, and had just got a good aim on him, he raised his head and disclosed the unwelcome fact that it was one of our own sergeants. Just my luck—he had on a lovely suit of gray which would have fitted me to a hair, and if I'd been half a second quicker on the trigger I could have had it. But I couldn't decently shoot after I'd seen his face. However, I got a fair suit of blue cloth, and Bob Brown is on the lookout to help me to better my condition. He wants to find a fellow five feet nine, rather slim in the waist, and with a new and well fitted suit, army blue preferred.

**THE LARGEST APPLE TREE IN AMERICA.**—The Louisville Journal says: There is growing on the farm of Thomas K. Adams, in Rockcastle county, Ky., an apple tree, planted by William Conkling in the year 1800, that measures above the ground fifteen feet in circumference, four feet from the ground twelve feet; it is five feet to the fork, one foot measures seven feet nine inches and the other five feet five inches. The branches extend each way from the body sixty-five feet. The fruit of an excellent quality, resembling the Queen apple—keeps well in winter.

**A DESPERATE COWARD.**—In Oswego, N. Y., last Monday, a volunteer, named William Ormby, became so fearful of going to the wars that he procured an ax, and deliberately chopped off the first and second fingers of his right hand.

## An Acorn from the Tomb of Washington planted in Russia by the Emperor.

[From the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, July 31, 1861.]

DEAR BOB—Bully for vacation. I'm having the tightest time you ever see. Uncle Nathe was as glad to see me as he could be, for he's a cross old curmudgeon and makes the boys toe the mark, I tell you. He said he hoped I'd be good, and I said I shouldn't be any thing else. He whispered something to Aunt Hetty, and looked at me, but I didn't seem to mind it. He's got a new horse that's very old, and pretends that he cannot get along unless you push him with a whip. It's all sham, for I stuck a brad into a stick and touched him with it, and he went like smoke. He kicked his hind heels through the dasher, and broke the wagon and landed me and Bill into the ditch. Uncle Nathe said he couldn't see what had got into the beast, but I guess it was the brad though I thought it wasn't best to mention it.

We had a flag raised here yesterday. It was big fun, you'd better believe. We hadn't any flag; so I took one of Aunt Hetty's sheets, and painted a blue square in the corner with her indigo bag and I chalked out some stars; then I got Uncle Nathe's pot of red paint that he marks his sheep with and made some elegant stripes, and the flag was done. We took a bran new cord line of Uncle Nathe's for halyards, then cut down a nice little maple for a pole, and nailed it up on the barn. One of the neighbors went down and told Uncle Nathe what we were doing, and he came up from the meadow as mad as horn.

I see by the way he acted that he was a secessioner. He took down the flag that we had consecrated, and I couldn't stand it, so I made him a speech, and told him the flag that he had pulled down was the emblem of our right to do as we pleased, and he had better be careful how he trifled with the spirit of liberty. I'd better not say it, because all of us boys had to go to bed without our supper that night, and Aunt Hetty gave us a talking to about the sheet. What a fuss folks make about trifles.

But we had some fine fun next day with Uncle Nathe. He's got a big white rooster, that he sets everything by. So we caught him and colored one of his wings blue and the other red, and he looked as fine as anything you ever saw. The hens did not know what to make of him, and they all seceded. When Uncle Nathe came home, the first thing he saw was his crower, who got upon the woodpile and yelled "Yankee Doodle," as loud as he could bawl. Uncle Nathe did not know what to make of it at first; but when he saw the fun of the thing, he did not laugh any.

I wish you was up here, if you were, we would train round I guess. There's plenty of berries, and lots of birds, and Uncle Nathe has got a gun and two pounds of powder, and there's a boat in the pond fine fishing, and everything to make a fellow comfortable. Cannot you steal away and come up here, and make 'em think you've gone to the war?

Yours in clover, IRE PARTINGTON.

## Colonel Mulligan.

Col. James A. Mulligan was born in Utica, New York, in the year 1829, and is consequently in his thirty-second year. His parents were natives of Ireland. His mother, after the death of his father, which took place when he was a child, removed to Chicago where she has resided with her son for the past twenty-three years. She married a respectable Irish American in Chicago, named Michael Lantry. He was educated at the Catholic college of North Chicago, under the superintendence of Rev. Mr. Kinsler, now of New York city. He is a strict member of the Catholic church. In 1852 and 1853 and 1854, in the office of the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, congressman from the Chicago district. For a short time he edited the *Western Tablet*, a semi-religious paper, in Chicago. In 1856 he was admitted as an attorney-at-law in Chicago. At this time he held the position of second Lieutenant in the Chicago Shield Guards, one of the companies attached to the Irish Brigade now in Missouri, and which has done so well in Lexington. In the Winter of 1857 Senator Pich, of Indiana, tendered him a clerkship in the department of the Interior. He accepted the position, and spent the winter at Washington. During his residence in Washington he corresponded with the *Utica Telegraph*, over the non de plume of "Satan."

After his return from Washington he was elected captain of the Shield Guards. On the news arriving of the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, he threw his soul into the national cause. The Irish American company held a meeting, of which he was chairman. Shortly afterward he went to Washington with a letter written by the late Senator Douglas on his death bed, to the President, tendering a regiment to be called the "Irish Brigade." He was elected colonel, and immediately went to work with a will. The course of the "brigade," up to the battle of Lexington, is well-known; it has nobly, bravely, and honorably done its duty.

Col. Mulligan is worthy of all praise. A purer, better man does not live in the State of Illinois. Since he has been able to tell the difference between ale and water, a glass of spirituous or malt liquors has not passed his lips. He is a right temperance man, although he is jocund and whole-souled to a fault. He is six feet three inches in height, with a wiry, elastic frame; a large, lustrous, hazel eye; an open, frank, Celtic face, stamped with courage, pluck and independence, surrounded with a bushy profusion of hair, tinted with grey. Honorable in all relations—respected by all—he has won his way by untiring industry, and unquestionable courage. On the 26th day of October, 1856, he was married to Miss Marian Nugent, by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chicago. He is a fine scholar, a good speaker, a brilliant writer, and a promising lawyer.

## An Acorn from the Tomb of Washington planted in Russia by the Emperor.

[From the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, July 31, 1861.]

"I remember while in a distant court of Europe, and at the most despotical of Governments, that on a memorable occasion I visited the magnificent gardens that surround Peterhoff, near St. Petersburg. The gardens and grounds were dedicated to the enjoyment and peaceful pursuits of the greatest and most brilliant of courts. On a remote island of these magnificent grounds that had been set aside for private enjoyment and private walks of the Emperor and Empress, a tree was pointed out to me in that garden, cultivated by particular and devoted hands, surrounded by wire wicket work, and flourishing all around it. There stood on one branch of the tree a large brass plate, and on one side of that plate in German, and on the other side in Slavonic, was written 'this tree was planted in 1839, by Nicholas, from an acorn that grew near the tomb of the great Washington.' This was the inscription upon that tree, placed there by one of the most absolute rulers that ever swayed the sceptre of Empire. And yet in his private, secluded gardens, he paid his deep and heartfelt tribute to the memory of the purest man the world ever saw."

"He did not take an acorn from the tomb of the great Elizabeth; nor did he take it from the garden of the Tuilleries grown in the time of Louis the XIV., nor did he take it from the tomb of the great Napoleon; nor did he take it from the garden of the Caesars near Rome; but he took an acorn from the tomb of a pure and mighty man, from the wilds of America, who had planted the seeds of a government consecrated to the freedom and independence of nations, whose every principle was at war direct with the principles of its own government; and yet so great were the virtues and integrity of Washington, that even this monarch in private and secret, paid to him his heartfelt and deep tribute. The tree was watered and cultivated with more care than any of the trees in that garden. It was flourishing and green and I trust in God it will continue to flourish green and fresh until its branches shall overspread the civilized world."

"I have also seen the Cosack of the Don and the Volga; I have seen the Lancers of Russia, and I have seen the Tartar and the Arab in the wilds of the Interior, and yet, notwithstanding their semi-barbarian life, even they converse of the mighty Washington in their tents at night. There is no portion of the world that has not heard of his name and love and admire his great and manly truthfulness and virtue."

## Winter Protection